Red

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Red

by JustAnotherFanfictionWriter

Summary

SPOILERS ARE AHEAD IF YOU HAVEN'T CAUGHT UP ON THE SEASON 2 FINALE!! Will smiled softly again, taking Hannibal's hand. Hannibal guided Will to the beautiful mahogany dance floor. Carefully, Hannibal spun around and grabbed Will's lower back. Hannibal pulled them close. Will placed his hand on Hannibal's shoulder. Their eyes met. Hannibal smiled at Will, who smiled in return. Hannibal gave a nod, and on cue the slow tune of a music box played. It was a sad, yet beautiful melody. Will closed his eyes and sighed, being led by Hannibal's slow dancing. The crowd didn't join them on the dance floor; this dance was far too important. Will opened his eyes and watched Hannibal's eyes.

Notes

Red-- Red is an emotionally charged color. It is associated with the sun and all gods of war, anger, blood-lust, vengance, FIRE, and the masculine. It can also mean love, passion, health, and/or sexual arousal.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will sat lazily in the maroon armchair, holding a glass of wine. He wore an all black suit, making his pale skin and light eyes stick out more than they should have. He looked around the party lazily. A lot of people he didn't know were there; talking and glancing over at him nervously. He obviously wasn't supposed to be sitting there, though Will didn't care. He took a careful sip of wine as he looked around the room; much like the chair it was a nice maroon color. The wine tasted like blood to him. He didn't care. He placed it gently on the table next to him. He folded his arms on his knee, watching the crowd of people in front of him. Everyone was wearing white outfits. Maybe that's why they were talking about him. He sighed and blinked slowly. The crowd clapped noisily, causing Will's head to hurt a little. Their host descended the black stairs, dressed in a red suit.

*Will heard the sirens coming closer to the house. Will clutched his stomach as he held onto Abigail's neck. She coughed and struggled to breathe as he choked on his own blood, blinking from the pain in his stomach. Will would **not** let Abigail die. Not again. Not **ever**. He couldn't lose her. Officers swarmed the house now, calling out orders that Will couldn't make out. They'd found Alana first. God, Will hoped she'd live. He **wanted** her to live. It sounded like half went upstairs while the other half approached the kitchen.*

The host made his way through the crowd and stood in front of Will. Will nodded at him and smiled softly. Will picked up the whine glass and drank it again. It still tasted like blood. He licked his lips as he slowly placed the glass next to him.

"I hope you can forgive me." The host said. A familiar voice indeed. Will smiled slyly, cocking his head.

"How could I not?" Will asked gingerly. The host smiled softly. A familiar face.

A face of betrayal. Will blinked slowly and coughed a little. People were trying to move him. Will began to panic.

"No..." He managed to choke out, "Her...Ff..."

"Care to dance?" The host asked, lowering his hand gently to Will. Will watched it for a while. He looked back up at Hannibal.

"I'm sure others here would love to dance with you, Hannibal." Will said, resting his arms on the arms of the chair. He pointed at some women watching them in anger.

"I don't care." Hannibal replied.

"I could betray you." Will said, "You have no idea what I'm capable of."

"It's the thrill of the dance, William." Hannibal replied. Will clenched his jaw slightly. A pet-peeve of his, and Hannibal knew it.

"Please, just call me Will." Will remarked, slowly standing, "We're equals here."

"There's another in here!" An officer cried out.

"Get him too." A paramedic said. Will opened his eyes again, to see that Abigail was gone.

"Wh..Where..." Will tried to ask. He coughed, choking on more blood.

"Mr. Graham, please." The paramedic over him said, putting something in his mouth, "Try not to talk. Ms. Hobbs is fine."

"All right, Will." Hannibal replied after a short pause. Will smiled softly again, taking Hannibal's hand. Hannibal guided Will to the beautiful mahogany dance floor. Carefully, Hannibal spun around and grabbed Will's lower back. Hannibal pulled them close. Will placed his hand on Hannibal's shoulder. Their eyes met. Hannibal smiled at Will, who smiled in return. Hannibal gave a nod, and on cue the slow tune of a music box played. It was a sad, yet beautiful melody. Will closed his eyes and sighed, being led by Hannibal's slow dancing. The crowd didn't join them on the dance floor; this dance was far too important. Will opened his eyes and watched Hannibal's eyes.

Will faintly woke up, watching the ceiling of a hospital roll by quickly. Well, at least as quickly as human legs could carry him. People were shouting. There was a lot of commotion.

"Is there something on your mind?" Hannibal asked.

"In another life," Will started, "maybe everything between us could have worked."

"Why can't it work now?" Hannibal asked, pulling him a little closer. Will's nose touched Hannibal's now. Hannibal smelled like blood and roses. Will's heart began to pound. He breathed rhythmically; like he was sleeping. Hannibal tried to close the gap between their lips, but Will turned his head away from the kiss. Hannibal kissed his cheek. Will's cheek then began to feel like ice.

"What's wrong meilužis?" Hannibal asked into Will's cheek.

"Nothing." Will breathed.

"We're losing him!" A doctor shouted. Sure enough, Will's heart had stopped. Doctors rushed into his room in an attempt to save him.

"Are you sure?" Hannibal asked again.

"Yes I--" Will started, before feeling like he'd just been kicked in the chest. Hannibal stopped the dance and hugged Will as they came and went. Shortly after the kicks started, Will's cheek stopped feeling like ice.

"I'm fine now." Will panted. Hannibal pulled Will away slightly and watched him carefully. Hannibal then nodded and smiled. He resumed the dance.

The two danced in silence for what felt like an eternity. The floor started to feel like they were standing in water. A black liquid was on the floor, though it wasn't that deep. Will sighed, looking up at his partner. The dance turned from a simple waltz to a tango as the water filled the room. Everyone wearing white was gone. Only Will and Hannibal remained. By the time Hannibal finished with their tango, the water was at their waist.

"We'll drown." Hannibal said, as he dipped Will.

"I won't." Will replied, "It's the very thing you poisoned me with."

"And that was...?" Hannibal asked, pulling Will up quickly. Will caught himself on Hannibal's chest. Their lips were close now. Closer than what Will would have liked. Will sighed, grabbing the back of Hannibal's neck.

"Guilt." Will whispered as Hannibal kissed his neck.

Alana watched as Will slept. The machines keeping him alive. It broke her heart to see it. Will, confined to a bed, while she could move around (though it was in a wheelchair). Abigail sat next to her, watching through tears. Will's breath caught as he slept, the heart monitor going wild. Abigail called out to Will as her and Alana were dragged out of the room.

"Please don't go!" Abigail cried.

"Please don't go." Hannibal whispered into Will's neck, tears streaming down his face. Will's throat felt like ice.

"You did this to me, Hannibal. Remember that." Will whispered in reply. He carefully grabbed the other's face, cupping his jaw. Will brought the older man's head up to meet his. Will finally allowed Hannibal to kiss him. It was deep and passionate, begging for forgiveness. But, it wasn't warm. The coldness spread from Will's lips to the rest of his body, making him fall limp in the older man's arms. Hannibal sank with Will into the black water, trying to revive his love.

Hannibal watched as the casket holding Will was lowered into the ground. He carefully wiped tears from his eyes. The disguise he was using wouldn't fool people for long, but he couldn't bear to read that his friend--no, his ***lover--****was killed by his hand. He stuck to the back of the ceremony; far away from anyone who could recognize him. Abigail cried loudly. Jack's head was bowed. Alana cried softly, holding Abigail. Freddie stuck towards the back, standing beside Hannibal.*

"It's a shame to see a man like him go." Freddie said to herself. Hannibal glared at her through the corner of his eye. How could she ***say*** *such a thing about Will? She hated him. But, Hannibal just nodded.*

"His therapist was the Chesapeake Ripper, but nobody believed him. Now he's dead." Freddie said, turning to face Hannibal. Hannibal didn't face her.

"Who were you to him?" She asked him. Hannibal blinked slowly. He turned on his heel and quietly walked away, clutching small drawing he'd made of Will. He heard Freddie snap a quick picture of him. He didn't care.

"I will always be with you." Will said to Hannibal as Hannibal drowned in the poison. Will grabbed Hannibal's hair and pulled it back, forcing him to look at Will.

"YOU MURDERED ME." Will shouted, "YOU KILLED ME. YOU COULDN'T HELP YOURSELF, COULD YOU? I WAS TOO DELICIOUS."

Hannibal tried to speak, but he choked on the water.

"But it's alright." Will said, letting Hannibal's hair go. Hannibal tried swimming to the surface of the water, but it filled the house now.

"I'll *always* be with you." Will said, swimming up to Hannibal. He gave Hannibal a loving kiss, while his hand reached up and choked the man.

End Notes

Thank you for reading this story! I'm glad if you enjoyed it, and if not I'm sorry. I just wanted to write something slightly beautiful and yet tragic at the same time (as well as a little creepy). Please feel free to give me suggestions on how to make my writing better!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!